

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Personality of an Ohio Politician's Wife—A Woman of the Cabinet Circle Defines Her Official Position.

MRS. CARLISLE ON WOMAN'S SPHERE.

To Entertain Her Husband's Friends and to Avoid Politics Is Her Creed.

Wives Must Read, Study and Think in Order That They May Shine Among the Learned.

The Nestor of official society leaders in Washington is Mrs. Carlisle, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury. She is a possible incumbent of the White House as the "First Lady of the land" in case the Democrats get that honor again, and just now somewhat interested in the spirited efforts to pluck Senatorial honors from a contrary Kentucky Legislature. Mrs. Carlisle was



MRS. JOHN G. CARLISLE.

born in Kentucky, that State of handsome women; is stately in stature and regal in manner, and has been in public life almost ever since she was born. She says she really cannot remember when she was not "in official society." Her father, Major John A. Goodson, of Covington, Ky., was a Representative in the State Legislature for eight years, and then in the State Senate for eight years more, and, being one of the foremost politicians of his day, lived that kind of a life which brought his whole family into the atmosphere.

Mrs. Carlisle is a woman to attract attention in any company. She is nearly six feet tall, and has the easy, slow movements of the true Southern woman. She is gracious to everybody, easy to get at, and an ideal hostess.

"What is my duty as a woman in 'official society'?" she repeated after me. "Why, to entertain her husband's guests; his friends are mine. His friends must be mine, you know."

"The woman's sphere is the home," she repeated decidedly to the question. "I don't think a woman should go into politics. I don't believe in it at all. I am sure I have no desire to meddle in them, and I can't see why any woman should. I can find enough to do at home." Which in itself is a little surprising, for Mrs. Carlisle has been so long in public and political life as the wife of one of the foremost Democrats in the party to-day that she has been credited with being an astute politician, when in fact she never dabbles in politics at all.

"I think a woman can be of more assistance to her husband in his home than anywhere else. She must read, and study, and think, though, and be able to stand right by his side so that he will not be afraid or ashamed to have her presented to the most learned of his friends. I really think that a great deal of unhappiness ensues through women letting go of their husbands because of lack of interest in their pursuits, and while the husband climbs, the wife stands still or retrogrades, and one day they both wake up to the fact that they have drifted wide apart."

"The wife of a man in official life must remember that he belongs to the public, and that it is part of her duty to keep the public interested in him, and not to get jealous of him, or try to hold him back. She must know no political differences in her entertaining, or in extending her hospitalities, for her husband in his official capacity represents the whole people, and so must she."

"More than all else, a woman should endeavor to shield her husband from the petty annoyances of the household cares, and make his home a place where he can bring his friends when he likes, or a place where he can flee when he is tired and know that he will be spared a long list of wearying domestic troubles. I think many men are driven away from their homes by injudicious wives who burden them with little home troubles that should never be made known to them."

"When a man is in public life it is the duty of his wife to entertain his friends as lavishly and frequently as the family purse will permit; that is part of the penalty of being a 'servant of the people.'" she said smilingly, as she glanced down her long parlors, so well adapted to entertaining, and the scene of so many magnificent receptions. "With me, my husband comes first in my thoughts; his likes and dislikes, his tastes and his aims and ambitions are my first care. I like to entertain his friends—in fact, I like people anyhow. I like all kinds of people, and like to study them; they are my one great diversion. After my husband, I am devoted to my children, and my home and myself come last in my thoughts. I like to have my husband assist me at my receptions, for it is a pleasant diversion for him, and helps me by lightening a part of the responsibility. We are both fond of meeting people, and I like to think that we are able to send many of them away happy because they have been able to meet and shake hands with those whom they clothe with great power and influence in their minds, and who seem at first glance to be so unapproachable, but really you know we are not. There is where a woman can help her husband a great deal in dispelling that idea. After all, I don't know that a woman in official society has any more to do than a woman who isn't. Both should be home-makers and home-keepers, and we should all strive to do the greatest good to the greatest number."

People who know Mrs. Carlisle best know that she lives up to her motto. She has a big, generous heart, and an open hand, and there is no home in Washington whose doors open wider, oftener, or through longer hours than those of Secretary and Mrs. Carlisle. That very largely accounts for their unrivalled popularity as entertainers, and the novel "Kentucky dinners" which they so often give have become famous. That is one of Mrs. Carlisle's ways of extending "official" hospitality, and she says that she loves public life, probably because the public loves her.

SHE PAID THE FARE.

They got into a cross-town car one rainy afternoon last week. He was a good-looking, manly young fellow, the sort that always has existed and which, let us hope, will continue to flourish. There was an indescribable look of up-to-dateness about her. As they sat down he made a dive into his pocket for the fare.

"Don't bother," she said, in a matter-of-fact tone, "I have the change right here." There was something in her infection that warned him not to protest, and he wisely allowed her to enjoy the sensation of paying the conductor for them both.

Untruth does not bear contradiction; that is the least of its faults.

Wit is the gift of penetrating things without becoming entangled in them.

FOR WOMEN JOURNALISTS.

London has its Society of Women Journalists, as New York has a Woman's Press Club. Both organizations, as well as the outside world of feminine journalism, have cause for congratulation. Recently the head master of Harrow, Mr. Weldon, addressed the English body and discussed the field at length. The sentiment expressed in one sentence, however, is the milk in the coconut. "No press can rise to greatness that does not use the services of women, and use them freely as those of men," might well serve as a device for banner or pin.

Wrinkles are beds that the gods have dug for our tears.

The works that everybody admires are those that nobody examines.

PRETTY DECORATIONS.

The Bachelor Maid Studies Effects in Draperies Rather Than Quality.

Her Rooms Are Both Artistic and Comfortable, Color Being More Important Than Material.

The interesting room is the one which reflects the individuality of the owner. The angle at which a curtain is draped, the grouping of favorite pictures, the arrangement or disorder of books and magazines form a part of a far more subtle biography than can ever be expressed in mere words.

Nowadays men and women are judged not only by the company they keep but by the colors they own. Especially is it true that the bachelor maid is recognized by her surroundings. On entering the sitting room of the particular maid of the Twentieth Century, you are never bewildered about its identity. You never confuse it with a New England parlor, a society boudoir, a make-believe studio or a bric-a-brac shop.

The color and style of the hangings and furniture tell their own tale. The broad, easy couch, heaps of pillows, few well-selected chairs, absence of ornaments and exquisite color-scheme suggest essentially the environments of the bachelor maid—that latest product of a startling era, who can not only adjust herself to circumstances, but who has been known at a pinch to adjust circumstances to herself.

In the furnishing of her delightful quarters she considers that the question of finis is of prime importance. Before purchasing a single article she decides upon her foundation, color, the tone of which will appear and reappear in her rugs, pillows, curtains, etc. She is apt to select terra cotta, although she understands fully the merits of olive green, mustard yellow, vegetable blue, soft browns and cool water greens as dominant tones on which to pin one's faith.

Few mortals, except those favored by special instruction, realize that good color in a room is no more expensive than glaring shades, and that cheap things are not necessarily artistic. The best place to find cheap materials in excellent hues is the Oriental bazaar of any city. Since the breaking up of the World's Fair the shops have been flooded with Eastern stuffs, usually cotton, but dyed with the beautiful vegetable dyes of the Orient, with terracottas, greens and blues that lend themselves readily as a foundation for the most elaborate color harmonies. Draperies that five years ago would have cost from \$20 to \$50 can be bought to-day for \$5 or \$10.

The decrease in price in carved teak-wood and bamboo furniture is equally great, and it is from these delightful sources that the artistic maid furnishes her quarters. If she has a genuine antique rug she is indeed rejoiced; but if not she invests in plain shades of Ingrain filling, that can

be found in the most charmingly artistic of colors at moderate prices. The luxurious, broad couch which is the envy of her friend is only a cheap cot with stiff legs, and rollers covered with a thin cotton mat and draped with a cotton India chuddah, which carries out the prevailing tone of the room. The pillows are covered with tussore or inexpensive raw-silk in absolutely harmonious shades.

The low window seats and divans are most apt to be upholstered in dull shades of grass cloth, which, in spite of its beauty, is cheaper than common jute.

The curtains at the windows and doors are Japanese or Indian—cheap, graceful and exquisite in coloring. There are but few pictures, and each one has a special interest and meaning of its own, and is both framed and hung with artistic consideration. The bachelor maid has invariably a fine collection of etchings and modern photographs, but is too judicious to crowd them on her walls. She eschews large oil paintings, and her sketches usually bear interesting signatures.

There are many bowls and vases for flowers in these quaint apartments—Benares brass vases for red roses and slender Venetian ones for carnations, but none for ornament. This example of new woman insists that taste is far more important than money and a keen color sense more desirable than a bank account.

HANDWRITING.

Juliette C.—I read utmost honesty, kindness, love of large schemes, desire to be independent and fidelity in your handwriting.

Annie Foster.—Very like Juliette C.'s; more adaptable, however, to things or places than to people. You wish to lead, once you are certain you possess the knowledge enabling you to do so.

Madeline C.—For twenty years women and men have been practically following the same avocations; there is no longer a distinctively feminine touch to all women's writing. Your writing is more feminine than masculine; it indicates good business ability, accuracy, love of pleasing; lacks a little in stability. On occasions I think you might flit.

Grace.—Your writing has great charm for the chirographist. It is clean and high in character, ambitious and frank. I should advise you to cultivate self-possession. There is dramatic ability, elocution, a gift of word-painting. I think the writing that of a young person. As you grow older, and feel that you have more to say, it will grow compact.

R. Benson.—A good, practical hand; orderly, neat and honest. You want everything just so, but always on the square. You should be successful at mathematics; anything requiring great exactness or nicety will suit you; faithful in love affairs; a trifle jealous.

THE CHIROGRAPHIST.

RELIGION AND MILLINERY.

Mrs. Ballington Booth has undertaken the important work of designing a bonnet for the women of the new Army which she and her husband are organizing. Let us hope that it will be more attractive than the one that has disfigured so many hundreds of fair Salvationists. It is a curious fact that a woman's bonnet seems to grow in size in proportion to her goodness. Look at those worn by the Sisters of Charity and the women of other religious orders; also the great, gray scoops of the Quaker ladies, and then observe the airy trifles of ribbon and lace which do service as head coverings for the women who devote themselves to the "pomp and vanities."

A NEW CAPE.



NOT A NEW WOMAN.

They were discussing politics, and there had been a noticeable lack of logic in any of her remarks and arguments. At last he said, with a laugh:

"I don't believe you can give me a single good reason for your being a Democrat."

"Are you willing to make a bet on it?" she asked.

"I am," was the reply. "If you can do it you have two pounds of mutton glaces to-morrow."

"Well, then," she said, with a merry twinkle in her eye, "I am a Democrat because my father is."

She got her bonbons.

TO RENOVATE CRAPE.

Hold the crape in both hands and pass it to and fro several times through the steam of hard boiling water and it will clean and look like new.

SOME SOCIAL GAYETIES.

The Thursday Evening Club will meet to-night at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. William H. Draper, No. 19 East Forty-seventh street.

Sorosis will give its annual breakfast at the Waldorf to-day and entertain its friends with a literary and musical programme.

Society will enjoy a private view of the Doll Show to-morrow afternoon and evening at Sherry's. Mrs. Brockholst Cutting, Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge, Mrs. Nicholas Fish, Mrs. John W. Minton, Mrs. T. J. Oakley Rhinelander, Mrs. C. Albert Stevens, Mrs. Arthur Turnure and Mrs. M. Orme Wilson will pour tea. The show is already an assured success. The question of repeating it next year is being discussed, when gentlemen will probably have an opportunity of seeing the correct Spring fashions reproduced in miniature. The following well known women are the patronesses: Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Miss Malvina Appleton, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Charles T. Barnoy, Miss De Barril, Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies, Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. David Wolfe Bishop, Mr. Heber R. Bishop, Mrs. William T. Blodgett, Mrs. James A. Burden, Miss Cullen, Mrs. A. Cass Canfield, Mrs. Henry E. Coe, Mrs. Joseph H. Choate, Mrs. H. H. Curtis, Mrs. Brockholst Cutting, Miss Cuyler, Mrs. Francis Deland, Mrs. Richard H. Derby, Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge, Mrs. Cleveland H. Dodge, Mrs. John R. Drexel, Mrs. Nicholas Fish, Miss De Forest, Mrs. George B. De Forest, Miss Furness, Mrs. John Lyon Gardner, Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry, Mrs. G. G. Haven, Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt, Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Mrs. G. G. Howland, Mrs. Edward W. Humphreys, Mrs. Morris K. Jessup, Mrs. William Jay, Mrs. Walter Jennings, Mrs. Frederic R. Jones, Mrs. Eugene Kelly, Mrs. Edward Jones and Mrs. Eugene Kelly.

Mrs. James Russell Soley, of No. 37 East Twenty-ninth street, will entertain a luncheon to-day in honor of her daughter, Miss Una Howland Soley. Miss Soley made her debut early this winter and has been one of the most admired girls of the season.

The Knickerbocker Sewing Class met yesterday at the residence of Mrs. John C. Westervelt, No. 7 West Fifth street. Mrs. Francis M. Barnes, of No. 239 Central Park West, will chaperone a party of young girls at the reception to be given by the New York Athletic Club on Saturday, its first ladies' day.

The West Side Amusement Club will attend the performance of "Henry IV." at the Harlem Opera House on March 27. The club has a membership of sixty-eight and is limited to one hundred. Its members include: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McAdam, Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Ballin, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Ferguson,

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF THE WIFE OF AN OHIO SENATOR.

qualities which are generally supposed to be opposed to each other—that of a true woman and housewife and yet a shrewd politician and keen reasoner in the most

which have made her lovable and prominent in home and social circles.

The girlhood days of Julia Bundy were not unlike those of thousands of other girls. Life in a small town, where every one knew every one else, and the joys and sorrows of one were of family interest to the other, broadened her mind and gave

The picture taken at the age of thirty-four, in 1881, shows her as a mother; then comes a long step to the age of forty; then to the latest photograph taken in 1895, and picturing Mrs. Foraker as she now appears at the age of forty-eight.

As she is seen now, one would hardly believe her the mother of Joseph Benson

Foraker, Jr., aged twenty-three, who is always seen with his father lately, and is a young man of much promise. She has three daughters—Florence, aged twenty-one; Louise, aged nineteen, and Julia, aged sixteen. Then comes the baby, Arthur St. Clair, aged four.

The Foraker home on Cross Lane, Walnut Hills, is a happy one. Politicians tell us that the subjects discussed over the Foraker breakfast table are not always flavored with domesticity.

It is said that as the morning cup of coffee is sipped the rise or fall of some politician is often settled and the political situation as it exists at the time is gone over, and the future actions mapped out the same as would be done by two generals. A woman's keen perception and intuition has often been responsible for some



At sixteen years of age



age 34 year

PORTRAITS OF MRS. JULIA FORAKER AT FIVE DIFFERENT AGES.

Mrs. Joseph Benson Foraker, wife of the Senator-elect of Ohio, is truly a remarkable woman in many respects. In her case the possession of a strong mind and latter-day liberal education, not only in the arts and sciences, but in the ways of the world, has not made her worldly or detracted one iota from the womanly graces which so enhance and belong solely to the gentler sex. In a word, her life is a proof that a woman need not leave her sphere, as accepted by the good matrons of early days, in order to gain prominence.

To-day she combines to a nicety two

her an insight into human nature that become useful in after life.

The picture taken at the age of sixteen shows her as an enthusiastic schoolgirl, always taking a prominent part in every event. Her alma mater was the Ohio Wesleyan University, at Delaware.

The picture taken at the age of twenty shows her still a student at the University and just a year before she graduated. In 1868, at the age of twenty-one. It was at this time that she first met her future husband, who was then also a student at the University, though completing his education at Cornell University.



20 YEARS OF AGE

of the political moves which have made Senator-elect Foraker what he is to-day.

But Mrs. Foraker is shrewd. Though she is at all times intensely interested in anything her husband does, and they confide in each other at the breakfast table, she does not carry her generalship outside the home. She is, as it were, an advisory partner, a member of the firm who assists in the planning, but remains in the background and enjoys the results of the victories.

Mrs. Foraker will not be seen at Washington as a resident until a year from next Fall, and then promises to take a prominent place in the society circles of the capital.